olume VIII Chicago, Ill., December, 1931 Number 9

The Liberalist

From the murmur and the subtlety of suspicion with which we vex one another, give us rest. Make a new beginning; and mingle again the kindred of the nations in the alchemy of love. And with some finer essence of forbearance and forgiveness temper our minds.—The Peace Speech, 432 B. C. Aristophanes.

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The Peoples Church

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When he goes the way of all flesh, the members will gather to pay their respects. That's all.

MORAL--You get out of the Church just what you put into it.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

"Jesus said unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

—Matt. 16:26, 24.

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

olume VIII Chicago, Ill., December, 1931 Number 9

MEDITATION

"Oh, eternal and everlasting eauty, we are very grateful, and e would express our gratitude n the very highest and best approach possible, that there is no nvironmental condition, that here is no physical or mental ircumstance that can act as a arrier between the light that omes from the face of eternal ruth and the depths of our own eart.

And so today, we feel and we ecognize that the spirit of truth nd love can never be defeated in ife. And though the heavens may be weeping, and darkness obscure the earth and dark clouds of fog hover in rythmic beauty across the horizon of our vision, yet we know that back of all appearances there is the reality of the life-giving sun, and that just as earth needs this moisture, and just as the world about us needs days like this so their value can be determined in the glorious beauty of perfected grass and flower and grain that will, in gratitude and love, give back fragrance and joy for days that were dark and dreary. And so this day has no meaning for us except one of triumph. We are glad for the rain; glad for the glory and beauty of the somber tone of the monotonous note that to many people is a barrier and a conflict; we are glad today for this manifestation of Nature's mood, because it reflects and reveals to us that deep and abiding truth of the morning, that it too will pass and that its significance is revealed because of other days that we know, days of such beauty and such sunlight and such grandeur. May the spirit of this day and its depressive physical environment not penetrate into the hearts of those who are making heroic efforts to be well and strong and fine again. Keep it out of the hospitals and our sick rooms, and wherever men and women are heroically battling, needing every ounce of energy they possess and every bit of encouragement, may there be no gloom there. Through the beauty of the opportunity which we have of the radio today, may there go now, to everyone who is battling against physical and mental difficulties, encouragement. Let the heavens weep and let the clouds hover about our skies, and let the earth be sad, what does it matter to us who know that these are only testing, trying moments, and only through them do we appreciate tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow's sunshine, and tomorrow's sky of beauty. Let gladness reign, let beauty dwell, let peace abide in every heart in the triumph of the morning, and through the dismal evironment of the day may the supreme gratitude of that which changeth not but is eternal strength, enter all of our hearts here and everywhere."

"ARE WE VICTIMS OF FATE OR MASTERS OF OUR DESTINY?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church, Chicago, November 22nd, 1931. (Stenographically Reported)

"John Burroughs, one of the most philosophical of all observers of Nature, said a very significant and I think a very true thing, I think it is in his book of 'Essays of the Wake Robin,' he says that the true test of the nature lover, that is one who really loves the out-of-doors, is to be found in two things. Whenever you find anyone who says they love Nature, ask them two questions. The first is: 'Do you like the wind?' And if they really like the wind that's 50%, and the other question is 'Do you like the rain?' and if they really like the rain then that's 100% and they have passed the examination perfectly!

Now, then, that occurred to me the first moment that I opened my eyes this morning and I looked out of our window and saw what sort of a day, at any rate what sort of a morning, we are going to have. This is the kind of a morning that is really a test morning, because most anyone can go to church when it does not require very much of an effort to go and when the sun is shining and when pretty clothes will not be spoiled, most anyone can go to church, and the church need not necessarily take unto itself any great credit for being packed and people standing, but for people to go to church on a morning like this, that's a different matter.

I want to express immediately my gratitude and appreciation that such a fine representation of people have come to our church on a morning like this. The others who have stayed home and are listening on the radio, I hope that they will get a great deal of benefit from the service, but I doubt it, because there is not the element of sacrifice, and I think some of them may be regretful that they did not enter into the fine spirit of the splendid congregation on such a wonderful morning! I see people here from Evanston, others from the south side and some from all over the city. I expect to walk fully two hours this afternoon — I try to do it everyday of my life—but it is a great day to get on old clothes, a raincoat and hike and go out and sense the mood of Nature; it does something to your own. People who never really make a sacrifice to really enjoy thoroughly and fundamentally this thing that we call life and beauty, why, they are missing so much! So I appreciate the fact that you are not fairweather folks, those of you who are here today, and I shall never forget your coming—faces that are very familiar and some less familiar. You have done a lot to me by this gracious gesture of your interest and loyalty to our Church on a day like this.

My subject this morning is 'Are We the Victims of Fate or Masters of Our Destiny?' I do not want to discuss this question which is so paramount to every mind and sooner or later arises to every heart: 'Are we the victims of things?' Just little pawns upon the chessboard of fate to be played with by some master jester or gamester that every ideal which we have and every dream which predominates and inspires us are only telltale tragedies, and the 'what might be' or 'might have been' is only mockery; that we are victims of this thing called fate rather than the masters of this which we call life. Sooner or later every heart and every mind asks that question. I say 'heart and mind' because the

heart asks it emotionally, while through the emotions it is transferred to the intellect and we attempt to rationalize that which is inspired by an emotional circumstance, so the heart asks this question through the emotions and the mind asks it based upon experiences, and I am asking it again. I have asked it so many times this week.

One week ago today, last Sunday, I was urgently asked to go to the Chicago Memorial Hospital, and whenever I receive a call of that character I always do my very best to answer it. The call came from a young woman who has been quite loyal and constant in her attendance of this church for several years, whose father and mother live in Peoria but who have attended the services as well, very frequently, on their visits here—the father not being a church man and the mother a member of the Roman Catholic faith. This family called me a week ago today and asked me to come to the hospital. I went to find this lovely girl, beautiful character, beautiful spiritual presence about her and in her face, and she said: 'Doctor Bradley, I want to arrange with you for my services after I am gone, because I am going into an operating room and they assure me that my chances for recovery are very, very, very slight,' and she said to me: 'I am not being deceived about this matter,' but with a most unusual brilliancy of mind and spirit. I sat by her bedside and planned the service which she wanted to have, after it was all over. But the resignation that this young lady had, virtually so young that it seemed a very base thing for Nature to do, that this life of youth and beauty should be given no more opportunity in a world like this. I took her hand and I said to her: 'My dear friend, why do you accept as true and for reality that which at the very best is only speculative on the part of scientists and surgeons? Why do you take this fatalistic point of view and feel that your life is over and that this means your dissolution and your passing out of life?' She was so dominated by the sense of finality that she was defeating the very opportunity of Nature itself and of the genius of the surgeons about her for the complete restoration of her health! I said to her: 'Young lady, I am not going to give you up and the spirit of divine Love will never release you, and the heart of the eternal God is still within your heart and your life. Let's not abandon ourselves to this philosophy of fate or fatalism!' No one can see her yet, but she is living, and from last Thursday the lifeline, so thin and so fine that only seconds stood in the way, but we held on, and my last report a few hours ago was that she is resting. She held on to life!

Many of the difficulties of your life and mine are aided and abetted by our surrender. Never surrender with life. I have great respect for surgeons and physicians; some of my very best friends are in this very noble profession, but when it comes to even a matter of our physical condition, I hold to this, that we can assist the chemical processes of recovery in our sick and broken bodies by giving that chemical process, which is the natural process, an opportunity to do its best work by a triumphant mental attitude of undefeated character. Remember the old adage, a bromide an axiomatic but true with all of us in spite of anything that was ever said—'There is always hope for life while we keep hope alive in our hearts.' As long as life is, and as long as hope lasts, there is a chance, no matter what the difficulty is.

Now in connection with that, you will remember only a week ago today when an airplane crashed from out the sky and two young men were brutally mangled and killed. Shortly after that

accident, the family of one of those young men got in touch with me,—a young man only 32 years of age, Robert Lewis was his name. He was a member of this church and two weeks ago this morning he sat in one of these seats—and that family came to me, with broken, contrite and bitter hearts, a little wife and a little four year old daughter, the loveliest little daughter a man could have, and there was his mangled body, twisted and torn, the whole top of his head torn off; and they looked into my face and said to me: 'Why are we the victims of this thing?' and it suggested to me some of the things that I wanted to say to you. I stood beside that young man this week, I preached his funeral sermon, we buried him beside his father in that little cemetery near Waukegan, and I put my arms around that widow and little daughter at that open grave and the greatest challenge that ever comes to the mind and heart of any pastor of any church whether Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, came to me, when they looked into my face and said: 'Doctor Bradley, what is the answer, are we the victims of fate or are we the masters of our destiny?'

I do not care to discuss this subject, my friends, on the basis of its purely academic character. I am quite familiar that there is a school of philosophy which is quite in vogue at present, although not so much emphasized as about two or three years ago, a school of philosophy in which was incorporated the whole territory of the pathological aspects that have to do with the inherited influence in tendencies of a human life. This school of philosophy has found its highest exponents in some of those who are identified with it and is known as the Behavioristic School, that is, that we are victims; that we are born without any consideration as to ourselves, which most of us must admit is rather untenable. I came into the world without being consulted, and I shall pass out of the world without being consulted. I will not be considered, the universe does not consider me, nor does it consider you. We are born and we die without our volition, admitting, of course, the presence of insanity, which is always present I think in suicide. I do not think any sane person ever committed suicide. It is one of the great unpardonable breaches against the universe and it is not the way out! No person ever was successful—this is purely speculative—in getting out of their troubles by the route of suicide. I think we only re-establish relationship of such deeper circumstances to the Cosmos by such an act that our difficulties are increased rather than solved. The last and the poorest and the most ineffective thing of life is self destruction, and I hope that the communications which I received this week. The fact of the matter is, two of them threatened self destruction, and both of the people who wrote those communications promised me that they would be in the congregation this morning. I do not know them, but if they are here I want this service to be a turning point in their lives. Don't be foolish! Don't be childish, it is a bigger thing to stand up and in the vernacular of the street 'take it on the nose' no matter what it is, than it is to be cowardly, for you will be surprised and I speak now to my two disillusioned friends, you will be surprised what help and strength will come to you to weather situations and conditions if you assist the reality of good by assuming a different mental and spiritual attitude than you have.

Doctor Beck, who is here this morning, knows, as a surgeon of this city, that what I am now saying is the truth, that Nature is always on the side of the perfected being and that whenever anything is wrong with the body an

a physical condition of disintegrating and disaster is taking place in the body that Nature is always on the side of being well. It is natural to be well; it is unnatural and unreal to be ill. Nature is always on the side of health, both body and soul, always, and Nature is always working with the agencies being used for your physical well-being, always! Never think that Nature is against you because she never is, she is always with you, and what is true of my physical body is likewise true of my spiritual identity, my spiritual personality. In times of discouragement, in times of disaster, in times of defeat, the universe, no matter what the circumstances are, the universe of goodness and of truth and of beauty is always on my side.

That's the sort of an ally that you have! That's the sort of assistance the Cosmos gives, and in the presence of all the physical, intellectual, mental and spiritual disasters which decorate the highways of the world with their tragic symbols, in spite of all that, health, spiritual vitality, mental poise and keenness, spiritual development and evolution, these things are all on your side. If I could thunder that out into every sick and discouraged heart and every weary and tired mind here or listening to this service, in spite of the day and weather, it would go down in the annals of time, and the imprint of it would never wear out, beating against the shorelines of history. If I could get that one idea into your hearts!

And so when this young man, a week ago today, fell out of the sky, a young lawyer just on the threshold of a great profession—he was an assistant city attorney of this city—he had worked hard to educate himself, working days and going to school nights, the hope of a mother, the dream of the father, thought of with pride by a wife and loved by his little girl, and then fate and destiny—I am not going to discuss this thing purely by its behavioristic point of view as it is found in that philosophy.

Of course, I had nothing to do and I had no choice in the constituency of that mystical quality of cellular life that later developed into my being. I did not determine the color of my hair nor the color of my eyes, I had nothing to do with the physical inherited predisposition toward size or weight. I never had any misgivings of any character at all about my limitations, none at all. I know that there is a certain amount of truth in this fatalistic quality that comes out of the past. I know that I had nothing to do with that mystical character quality of life that later developed into the physical being that you see before you today. I did not choose my ancesters; I did not pick out my father and mother, although I want you to thoroughly understand that if I had I would have picked out the father and mother which I had, but I had nothing whatever to do with this thing called life up to this point, and I will admit, with the strictest disciplinarian from the point of view of scholarship in regard to this question, I will admit that there are certain tendencies that may have come through this inheritance that gave certain twists and certain predispositions to any attitude that I might have in the world. I admit that. I admit that there are some that are born that were, in the phrases frequently used in the vernacular 'tricked by life.' I know that there are great tragedies; I know that there are!

I was in a state hospital for the insane, one of our state institutions the other day. I was there for over four hours on a matter, and I saw a little baby that was born in that institution after the mother had come there. As I held that little baby in my arms, a lovely little baby, black eyes, glorious spirit about it, lovely head, evidencing by all the

superficial observation that the untutored could give that it was perfectly normal, it cooed and looked up into my face, and I thought, admitting that this baby is perfectly normal, that it would have to go through life with the stigma of having been born in an insane asylum, and whatever it might do, admitting that it is perfectly normal and remained normal, there would be hovering about it a suspicion on the part of the people who know, or think they know, that at any-time its origin might be revealed. And then when I found out that the mother was insane and the father was a syphilitic, and then here was a little bundle of life, then I said to myself again: 'Not myself, not you, society perhaps, yes, but the curse upon that little baby that exists there, the answer for that little heart will have to be given by a force and by a spirit that I cannot fathom.' The responsibility is not mine here. If there is a God, he must answer! Society must answer! Institutions must answer! I have none and my only attitude would be just as my attitude is toward that circumstance of similar character that everything that can be done for that little baby in its restoration to physical perfection and in its acceptance by society in its being given an opportunity, that I can do and my test is not going to be found in answering the question, why my test is going to be found in what I do to help that little baby—that's my test! Just as I refuse to accept, on the basis of humanism, that there are any illegitimate children. There are no illegitimate children, there are only illegitimate parents, and no little child should ever suffer through life because his parents were illegitimate and he was the result! That's my position there.

So many of these things that we think of as fate are, after all, matters of challenge. Look at human history. Why, if we were to survey only just as I shall touch them—I want to name half a dozen or more as they occur to me,—personalities of human history, that have had to live this life with, to use the vernacular of the day, every card of life stacked against them right from the start. One of the loveliest spirits that ever graced the world of literature whose name will last as long as the English language is spoken, the immortal Shakespeare, had to face and fight historians on the basis of slander, not only against himself but against his parents. One of the most gracious spirits that English literature ever produced was Lord Byron, and Lord Byron had to face the scandal of history as well as carry through his life a malformed, deformed, terrible clubfoot that dragged like a chain against him so that in every public appearance that he made his face reddened with humiliation as the thought of this physical deformity occurred to him. English literature shows no more beautiful character than Charles Lamb, and Charles Lamb never saw during the years of his life, one moment, when he did not seem cursed by fate, poor, poverty stricken, he comes home from work,—this soul of the essayist and the poet, a man who could write those beautiful essays that ought to be read these days—Charles Lamb comes home and finds that his beloved sister had suddenly gone insane and had killed the mother and mortally wounded the father, and he found her mad, his beloved and beautiful sister, a raving, maniacal murderess, with his own mother dead at his feet, and his father mortally wounded, and the next twenty-five years of Charles Lamb's life the loving care that he gave that sister, and Coleridge tells us that it was not an uncommon sight to see throughout the countryside frequently in the evening Charles Lamb with his arms about his sister, hurrying as fast as they both could go,

with the tears running down their cheeks, to a nearby asylum, because his sister, Mary, felt the reoccurrence of some of those maniacal moments. Fate? Yes! Yes, it was fate, but love was there and the creative genius of Charles Lamb and the creative genius of his beautiful sister, mad woman that she was, has dignified and broadened the world and has graced English literature for the years.

I see that other great character, born a slave, Epictetus, sold into slavery, but I see Epictetus, in the hands of his master, give us a philosophy that everyone of you ought to read, 'The Philosophy of Epictetus.' A slave, held in bondage to a Roman, and I see him that day when his master, for some slight infraction, took him into the cellar of the house and put him on a rack. And I see this spirit of Epictetus, the poet, the essayist, the humanist, I see him put his arm into this rack and then they turn it and I hear the grating, squeaking, grinding sound, I hear him say: 'Master you had better be careful or you will break my arm,' and the Master inspired by the remark, gives it an added twist and turn and the arm snaps, and Epictetus, the slave, says: 'You can break my arm, but Epictetus will live; you can break my life, but Epictetus will live, for thoughts cannot be twisted and ideals cannot die in jail.' Fate? Yes, but a master of his own fate.

I see the blind poet, I see Milton and Hayden, a man who wrote the second book in the English language, languishing in a Bedford jail. Fate? Yes! Determined? Yes! But a master of that very fate!

I see Socrates developing his doctrine of immortality when he treads the corridors of an Athenian jail, and when they handed him a cup of hemlock, which is poison, and he brings it to his lips—Socrates, one of the really premier minds of civilization. I see him as he walks the floor of that prison cell, and when the messenger from the Senate runs to him and says: 'Socrates, they will spare your life if you will recant! Take back what you have said and the Senate will spare your life.' Old Socrates said: 'What have you there?' 'A cup of hemlock, my master.' 'Hemlock? Give it to me,' and standing erect he drains that cup of hemlock, and as he walks the floor to keep the growing numbness that he knew was death, to keep conscious as long as he could, he thunders back to the Senate: 'Tell them that Socrates is dead, but that the ideals of Socrates can never die!' Master? Destiny? Fate? Victim? Yes! YES! But no circumstances that master these men and women could crush out of them the conquest of life.

Are you a victim? Master or victim? Victim or master? We only live life for the moment, that's all. The only moment I have is this one. The clock ticks and it is gone. The only moment I have is the present. Yesterday is but a memory, tomorrow is but a dream, but I own the present tick of the watch, and if all who are stricken, all who are saddened and defeated, all who are broken, bruised, torn and twisted by life —O, if I could in this closing moment, make you realize instead of developing a complacency that says: 'It is to be' instead of developing a resignation that says: 'O, why should I suffer like this?' instead of saying 'Why does this thing happen to me?' instead of taking life in terms of fate, if I could only now, to every heart and to every life, no matter what the circumstances are, if I could just have that life look at life and see it as it is, and then if I could just enable you to summon the last ounce of your strength, the last moment of life you possess, the last ounce of energy that you have, and instead of resignation and of acceptance, if I could just make every life

and heart feel this day that perhaps, who knows, that last ounce of strength, that last mental chance, that last thrill of victory, that little gleam of life that breaks through the darkness and the shadows, that, perhaps, that last ounce will weigh enough in the scale of your life to overbalance all the rest. Who knows? Perhaps, that little gleam of light that just breaks through the dark clouds today may be just enough light, just enough to flood your lives with the whole golden beauty of the undying sun! Hold on! Fight on! Victims? Yes! We are all victims, but through our being victims we can scale the heights of mastery."

MISTAKES

Did you ever think what would happen on the earth if nothing ever decayed? Suppose that every leaf that ever fell, every blade of grass that died, every tree lay as it fell without decaying. Scientists tell us that if that were so, there could be no life on the earth. There would be such a clutter and tangle of debris that the entire earth would be covered many feet deep.

But if you leave a heap of leaves in the garden, in time you will not find them. They will have mingled with the soil and become a part of the earth. More than that, they actually enrich the earth.

There are two things you can do with mistakes, of which every life has its share. You can keep them on the surface, always before you, to clutter up your life and prevent you from doing anything of value, or you can let them decay as the leaves do, and absorb them into the soil of your experience, so they will enrich your life and make it produce even better fruit than it would have had you not made the mistake.—Borrowed.

NEW VISTAS

A day will come, in not undreamed of years,
When men shall wake with singing on their lips.
Their toil will bloom with hope, uncursed by fears;
They will not labor to the tune of whips;
They will not close their days as battered ships!
Then all shall be as gods, Olympus-born,
And joy shall grace each heart. As beauty drips
From summer dawns, so from the fields of corn
Shall gladness be shed forth on all the sons of morn.

Then lust will die, and gold will lose its lure.
No soul will gloat while others starve for bread.
The lore of love will prove the ample cure
For all earth's ills, now meetly harvested.
Each man, a king, in pride shall lift his head,
And every child, still bright with heaven's gleams,
Shall play in Eden-gardens, tenanted
By fays and elves. By softly flowing streams
We men of earth shall find again our long lost dreams.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

THE AGE-OLD STORY

Christmas is more than a fairy story that men have agreed to dream about for a day, and then forget. The perfect art of the Christmas story fits the perfect poetry of the fact. Therefore it must be true because its truth answers to the age-old longings of the human heart. From oldest time men have felt that life is meaningless, futile, empty, unless God fused His life with the life of man. Many are the symbols they have employed to tell this truth: but none so homey, so intimate, so full of caresses as that

f God the far-off, cloud-robed Majesty becoming as a child and ying down on the door-step of he world wringing pity from our earts that we might take Him in. What a flight of the soul's imagnation—a truth to make women ry and strong men to prostrate hemselves! Other days tell us of a God who sits on far-off hills, clothed in eternity, the while Christmas reveals a Little God nestling in the heart—if there is room!

O proof-craving generation, let not your obsesion for literal facts rob you of the deeper meaning of the Christmas story so intimately expressed in the homey poetry of a God who was great enough to use the humblest means of showing man the highest truth of life!

—Argow.

MEN DREAM OF THIS

Men dream of this: that there shall
Come a time when laughter
Like the sound of rippling streams
From snow-clad mountain heights
Shall burst from human hearts;
When peace like that of murmuring vales
Caressed by cooling winds shall
Soothe men's fevered ways; when
Beauty like the rolling green
Of hills and fields shall flower
In human life, when men shall work
To rhythm of the song and feel
The sweet empowering presence of
An all-consuming purpose
In their souls.

A. J. Buttrey.

THE BAZAAR

Beginning with the Donation Tea on Monday, Nov. 16, Channing Hall was transformed into a gala place, emanating the atmosphere that lights, colour and jollity make.

A large group of Woman's Club members with their husbands and sons came into Channing Hall Sunday evening armed with hammers, saws, nails and seemingly tons of crepe paper in autumn colors—orange, yellow, green and russet, and like a band of Brownies they planned and hammered and nailed, and built booths and stands and worked and trimmed till a late hour, leaving Channing Hall as we said in the beginning, a place transformed into attractive shops and colorful lights, ready to receive the donations at the Tea the next day.

The friendly, generous folks began arriving before two o'clock on Monday afternoon with packages large and small. Several hundred spent the entire afternoon meeting Mrs. Hermsdorf, Pres. of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Logeman, Social Chairman, Mrs. Wine, Mrs. Schweizer, Mrs. Thomas, and others who composed the reception committee, remaining for the delightful program arranged by Mrs. Geo. Schulten, program chairman, and later in the afternoon having tea or coffee with cakes from the candle-lighted tea table.

A number of ladies were kept busy opening the packages and placing the articles in the various booths. Gifts by mail came from farms and villages, towns and cities! The program was opened by Mrs. Hermsdorf with a few gracious words of greeting, and then she introduced Mrs. Bradley, who said after joyfully greeting the radio friends who had honored her by attending the Tea, and guests and members of the Church and Club — that she felt like a little poor girl in the story who was having a dream that all the lovely things she had seen and wished for in the store windows had suddenly been heaped in her arms, so bountiful were the gifts which had been brought to the Bazaar! Mrs. Bradley said it would be impossible even in part to express her appreciation and thanks.

Mr. Walter Flandorf, organist of the Peoples Church, and quite

as much of an artist at the piano, played two very beautiful numbers. Then Miss Pauline Fisher, one of the Uptown Players, gave a group of extremely clever readings, winning the entire audience by her loveliness and charming personality.

The success of the Donation Tea was a true forecast of the Bazaar. Even the weather was with us this time, and both days were brilliant and mild, until the closing night, when a heavy rain fell.

Never did Channing Hall present a more attractive appearance, never a finer spirit shown, never a jollier, more generous crowd, which came and went continuously, never more willing workers or smiling faces, never in fact a more delightful bazaar in the history of the Church.

Many of the radio congregation attended the Bazaar as well as the Tea. Some came from as great a distance as sixty miles. Seemingly they represented all the suburbs and nearby towns. It was a distinct pleasure to meet these friends, and they in turn seemed to enjoy their visit to the Church and meeting the ladies of the Woman's Club, many seeing the Church for the first time. One dear little lady asked to see a picture of Dr. Bradley as she could not stay long and he was not present at the time. Splendid dinners and luncheons were served both days, in fact for these the crowd could not be provided for.

A feature of the Bazaar which was largely attended and enjoyed was the "Movie Theatre" arranged on Channing Hall stage back of the velvet drop curtain. There were seats for about fifty. Some reels taken by Dr. Bradley during his vacation days last summer at Lake Vermilion, Minnesota, created a good deal of interest. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Campbell managed this little movie theatre, providing some interesting pictures, and they had loaned Dr. Bradley a camera for this express purpose. There were pictures also of the Sunday School picnic and some of the Church folks at Mr. Anderson's home at Antioch. Another novelty was none other than our old friend of "Way-back when days"—the tin-type man. He took your picture, developed and framed it in "gold" and pinned it onto the lapel of your coat all in two minutes for 25 cents.

A great deal of interest centered around a very handsome "needle point" chair valued at $250.00, the hand work of Mrs. Joseph Beck, mounted on a handsome carved armchair, and donated by her.

All the Church organizations were actively helpful in making this bazaar a success, and every one seemed to enjoy doing their best! To each and every one who helped by their attendance, their purchasing, their donation of their work, the Woman's Club, Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, and The Peoples Church are deeply grateful and thank you!

"The day will never come when all men will think alike, but they may all feel alike. It is in men's hearts, not in their heads, that a feasible basis of union can be found."

TRIAD

Three things are eternal,
Three endure.
Deathless and undefiled;
The song of the wind,
The sound of the sea,
And the laugh of a little child.

Edmar Chapman
(Ontario)

UPTOWN PLAYERS

Behind the doors of the Players Studio, Bradley Hall, the members are hard at work on several productions of plays which will be seen in the near future. The next play to be given in Channing Hall will be "The Barker" by Kenyon Nicholson. It is a play of carnival life as we

he people, do not see it. It is he backstage life of the Midway. Life beneath the canvas of a tent how life that is hard and exacting, dismal and grim after laughter has died, life that is sweet in he essence of beautiful romance, ife that is bitter in a realm of shattered dreams. "The Barker" promises to be one of the best productions of the year and should be seen by everyone of you. In the cast will be such able players as Eddie Zabriskie, who plays the barker, Helen Williams, Tom Mayher, Lucille Fisher, Thor Thorhaug, Tom McDermott, and Florence Mellum. "The Barker" will be presented on he three nights of Jan. 12, 13 and 14.

Two productions have gone into the background of the current season that will not be soon forgotten. The first production of the season was "Mary the Third," which brought forth several new players who heretofore had not been seen in leading rolls. They were Henrietta Mangrum, Tom Mayher and Marie Sieben. Others in the cast and who are well known to Uptown Players audiences were: Ruth Costello, B. Cook Emerson, Hugh Hipple, Carl Strom, John Graham, Donald Briggs, Kay Peterson.

"Thunder in the Air," which play followed "Mary the Third," broke attendance records for all time. Over eight hundred people saw the play. The cast included Imelda Walters, Matt Riley, Sunda Love, Marie Sieben, H. Rapoort, John Graham, Hugh Hipple, Mina Williams, Muriel Anda, Tom McDermott, and Donald Johanson.

In January on a date which will be announced later, the Uptown Players present in a loop theatre R. E. Sherwood's "The Queen's Husband." The proceeds of the play will go to the Chicago Herald-Examiner Milk Fund.

The usual monthly teas which are held the first Sunday of each month continue to be almost too successful. We are having difficulty finding room for all those who come and enjoy these teas. Mr. Bradley-Griffin had charge of the November Tea. He read the new play of Rachel Crother's, "As Husbands Go." The December Tea was taken over by Florence Mellum who presented a one-act play, "Shame the Devil." Mr. Richard B. Harrison, who stars in "The Green Pastures" was our guest of honor.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements in November:

1—Sermon, Peoples Church
1—Sermon, First Church, Ottawa, Ill.
2—Laymen's League
3—Radio Address, WMAQ
4—Address, Metomora, Ill.
5—Address, Springfield, Ill.
6—Address, Evanston, Ill.
8—Sermon, Peoples Church
9—Board Meeting, Public Library Trustees
9—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
10—Radio Address, WMAQ
11—Armistice Address, Armour Institute
12—Address, Horicon, Wis.
13—Address, Kalamazoo, Mich.
14—Saturday Club
15—Sermon, Peoples Church
15—Address Young Peoples' Club
16—Address, Temple Sholom
17—Address, Rennaisance Club
18—Peoples Church Bazaar
19—Peoples Church Bazaar
20—Address, Ass'n of Commerce, Racine, Wis. (broadcast)
21—Address Saturday Club
22—Sermon, Peoples Church
22—Sermon, Jefferson Park Congregational
23—Address, Professional Woman's Club
24—Address, Lions Club
24—Radio Address, WMAQ
26—Sermon, Peoples Church
27—Lake Bluff, Ill.
29—Sermon, Peoples Church
29—Sermon, First Church, Elgin, Ill.
30—Debated Gen. Butler, Orchestra Hall.

Funerals

2—Mrs. Irene Morgan,
Interment, Graceland.
2—Mrs. Anna Richardson,
Interment, Omaha, Neb.
3—Mr. Ralph Wessell,
Interment, Memorial Park.
7—Henry Fred Schnabel,
Interment, Rosehill
10—Mr. Charles Frederick Wenham.
18—Mr. Robert Lewis,
Interment, Waukegan, Ill.
24—Mr. Carl Metterhausen,
Interment, Graceland.
28—Mrs. Anna K. Pond,
Interment, Rosehill.

Weddings

7—Herbert H. Ackerman and Mary K. Elliman.
8—William B. Bednarski and Jeanne Kunicki.
14—Henry V. Nystrom and Charlotte Ackerman.
26—Luther L. Cummings and Helen B. Whitlock.
26—Rudolph P. Schuler and Marjorie Spencer.
28—George Boynton and Betty Lerch.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

There were two very fine programs in December. One on Dec. 7, was held at Edgewater Beach Hotel, and was under the Dep't. of Education of which Mrs. Callie Jeanne Stillson is chairman, and Division of Motion Pictures, with Mrs. L. Mason, Chairman. At the morning meeting Mrs. Richard McClure, State Chairman of Motion Pictures, and Mrs. Wendell R. Doolittle, Member of Censor Board of Motion Pictures, were guest speakers. Mrs. C. L. Baker, lectured on, "Heavens of Concrete" with lantern slide pictures of the Adler Planetarium.

At two o'clock the afternoon program was opened by Mrs. Helen Linn Ferris who gave a group of piano solos followed by Dr. Bradley who delivered a most interesting lecture on "Mussolini and The Vatican."

December 21 the meeting was in Channing Hall, under the Division of Philanthropy, with Mrs. S. G. Stoefer, chairman. After the monthly business meeting luncheon was served at noon followed by a most entertaining program given by Callie Jeanne Stillson in some original sketches and Mrs. Thomas sang a group of Christmas solos. This was also a Donation Pound Party for the Christmas baskets, and the stage was filled high with packages. Tea and cookies were served from a beautifully decorated table where Mrs. Stoefer served. This otherwise festive holiday party was considerably saddened when it became known that our loyal friend and member Mrs. S. J. Stoefer would leave Chicago for Charleston, So. Carolina, before another meeting of the Club in January. She with Mr. Stoefer were leaving almost immediately for Charleston, where they expect to make their home for the present at laest. Mrs. Bradley from the platform made mention of this unhappy news, so that those present might wish Mrs. Stoefer "God-speed." In many years of the Club there has been no one more loved, more loyal, more willing to work, or whose presence will be more missed than Maud Stoefer, always with a fine spirit, an understanding heart and a friendly hand! Miles cannot separate us from such a friend—and she will find a hearty welcome whenever she comes home!

G. B.

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

We have entered into our second month of school with a great deal of satisfaction, for we have enrolled sixteen new pupils this month (October) that is children between the ages of four and fourteen; then there are several older girls, and many adults who also attend our classes. Most of the adults are parents of the children who are enrolled at school, for so many of the youngsters are not old enough to come by themselves.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true that the classes composed of the younger children, that is up to 10 years of age, are growing larger all the time, and a third class of girls of this age will be formed in a week or two, while the children around 14 to 16 who are as a rule free to use their own discretion about coming to school are very lax and irregular in attendance. We merely mention this here so that you parents who have girls and boys of this age will urge them to attend.

You know sometimes a little interest displayed by the parents along this line, or a mere hint that it would please them to have the child attend is sufficient. Furthermore it is advisable to urge a child to form the habit of attending anything once started, with some regularity, whether it be the church school or public school. I will say this, that as a rule children who have attended three or four times in succession will have formed such an attachment for the school and classmates that they want to come each and every Sunday. But my reason for mentioning the parents' interest in urging the child to go, is that ever so often when I ask a child why he or she was absent—they give some excuse such as, "Oh I got up late" or "I did not feel like going last Sunday," and in most cases I always inquire whether the parents said they ought to go, and invariably receive the same reply; "Oh my mother does not care whether I go or not, if I want to I go and if I don't, I don't." So it stands to reason that all the parents need do is to take sufficient interest, and settle the matter.

And now to tell about our Hallowe'en parties—note we had two, as Mrs. Eddy had a party for the very tiny tots at her home, where she served all the things so dear to the hearts of children, and then at 5:30 served them dinner. This was not an easy task, when you stop to think of their ages; and we want to thank Mrs. Eddy in behalf of the school—and in behalf of the parents for the wonderful time she gave the children. Our other party which was held in Channing Hall Monday evening Oct. 26 for all children of all ages, as well as any of our adults who wished to attend, was certainly a screaming success; (to be expressive!) For never has Channing Hall heard so much noise of every variety; there were a dark room with "spooks" who held plates of some awfully messy things, which the children touched as they went around; and weird sounds came from the "spooks," to be followed by shouts of the children. Then or I should say first, we had a march in which over 60 children in costumes participated; and prizes were awarded for the best costumes, the funniest costumes, and the most original ones. To give you some idea as to the originality of some of the costumes; there was Bob Struve as a Chinaman,—queue and all, even to the slight forward stoop that most Chinamen assume by putting one hand in the cuff of the other. There were three little girls dressed as bell boys, with cute little caps perched on the side of their heads. Several witches, a few clowns, a little ballet dancer, several "dear old ladies" who had on their grandmother's finery, a real belle of gay nineties with a flowergarden hat and veil, a few cowboys, Mexicans, etc. One little girl about nine was a little black cat, including tail and whiskers, and how she did roll over that highly polished floor pretending to scratch people's feet sent shouts of lauhgter up from the children all evening. To keep abreast of the present times we had little Harry Nelson dressed up as a tramp, with patches artistically put on his worn out trousers, a straw hat, blackened face which was supposed to represent a beard, and a red bandana hand-

kerchief wrapped around his worldly belongings dangling from the end of a stick. I could go on and on mentioning the variety of costumes. Never before have I seen children having such a good time in such a large group. Miss Stouch who directed their games and otherwise kept them amused certainly had her hands full, but as she is accustomed to this sort of thing, she was none the worse at the end of the evening except for a husky throat. The children were served large popcorn balls, and apples, and hallowe'en candies, and it was with much reluctance that they left, it being a week night, they were dismissed at 9:30.

Many of the parents came, and it was a pleasure for the teachers to meet and greet them, and this school extends a standing invitation to any of you parents to come and make our acquaintance, and to you folks who have no children, come too, and meet the grown folks, of the adult class, as well as the teachers.

Each Sunday morning some of our pupils entertain us; it may be a recitation, a vocal solo, or as we had last Sunday a most delightful and artistically rendered piano solo. And it is surprising to find we have so much talent amongst our pupils, which we hope to make use of later in the season.

E. J. H.

SOUTHWARD, O SOUTHWARD!

In the quivering breasts of nature's feathery serenaders is a strange restlessness. No longer are they content with ripened seeds in rustling harvest fields, and the memory of still soft, dreamy days that come not again. Somewhere the summer-land is wooing them with its blooming fields, sun-kissed meadows and leafy arbors. Having neither chart nor compass, yet possessing implicit trust, they will soon brave the trackless sky, being fully assured that the new summer will keep her tryst.

The heart has its homing instinct, too, which seems like the voice of a far-away Friend calling us to leave the oncoming winter with its chill winds of cynicism, its long dreary days of loneliness, its ice of death and decay. No, we did not place it in our hearts; neither have we chart and compass to guide us in our flight. But like the birds, we can trust the instinct in spite of many perils, knowing the while that in our south-ward flight we shall surely find the summerland!

—Argow.

THE IDEAL CHURCH

"In my ideal church all would be welcome who accepted the golden rule; there would be no other test.....I vision a church as all-embracing as Christ's affection, accepting all and rejecting none. It would honor truth and beauty as well as goodness, this church of mine; it would nourish every art, and make its every chapel and cathedral a citadel of adult education, bringing science and history, literature and philosophy, music and art to those too old for school, and yet young enough to learn. But it would hold knowledge barren without brotherhood; it would allow every division, and every doubt, except that in the end love is the highest wisdom." —Will Durant, in 'The Mansions of Philosophy."

THE EIGHT POINTS

These Eight Points, subscribed to by many sociologists, may not be as famous as the historical Fourteen; they are, nevertheless, equally important as war preventative, either international, sociological or domestic:

1. Don't contradict people, even if you are right

2. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends

. Don't believe that everyone
e in the world is happier than
u
. Don't under-rate anything
ause you don't possess it
. Don't be rude to your infer-
s in social positions
. Don't repeat gossip, even if
loes interest a crowd
. Learn to hide your aches and
ns under a pleasant smile
. Learn to attend to your own
siness. This is a very impor-
t point.

ODE IN MAY

are children of splendour and
lame,
shuddering, also, and tears.
gnificent out of the dust we
came,
d abject from the Spheres.

bright irresistible lord!
We are fruit of Earth's womb,
each one.
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed out-
poured.
To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than
thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his
speech,
Thou art but as a wave of his
hand;
Thou art brief as a glitter of
sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his
fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the
lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the
Whole.

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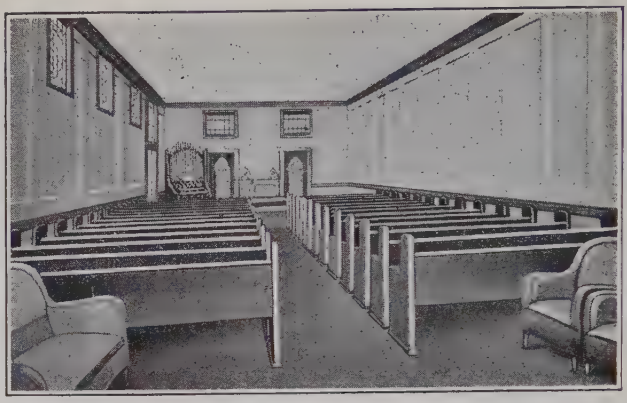

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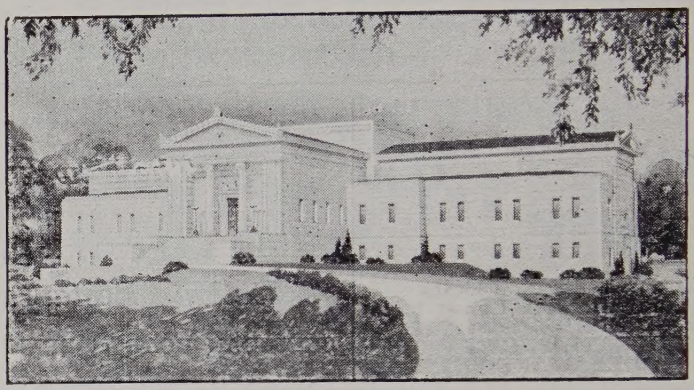

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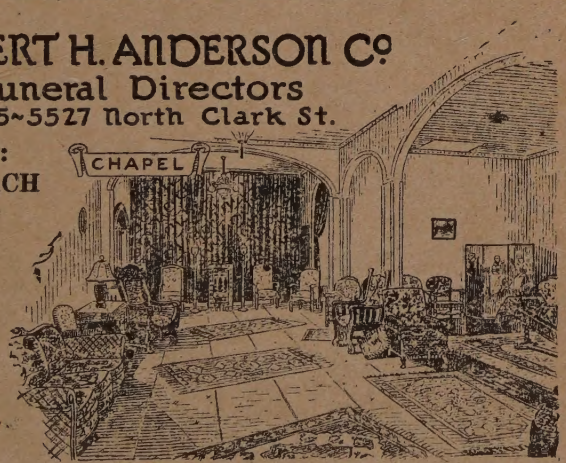

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